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# WILLIAM·T·WALTERS



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He loved the hand that drew the perfect line,  
The eye that caught true color and could give  
To pigments a creator's light divine,  
Baffling and fugitive.

The silent harmonies a canvas bore  
Were sweet to him, as music may be sweet;  
Or dear, as a great epic's mighty roar,  
To lips that oft repeat.

His life was noble, as a life must be  
To range above the paths of slaves or kings;  
He held in trust for art a treasury  
Filled with all lovely things.

He was no dreamer, yet amid life's haste  
Dared follow where the high ideals led;  
His largess made the wide world less a waste,  
Art's path less hard to tread.

From some deep woodland where the chill winds sing,  
Through thinning boughs, their plaintive Autumn hymn  
Gather a mighty oak's broad leaves, and bring  
A wreath in praise of him.

Meredith Nicholson

November, 1894